Moment

UNFOLDED ZINE

2025

Unfolded Zine is pleased to present the third volume of our yearly zine through our theme: *MOMENT*. We encouraged students to submit their interpretations of *MOMENT*, which include — but aren't limited to — childhood moments, spaces that hold special meaning, and moments to look forward to. These interpretations are collected in the form of writing, illustrations, photography, and more. Flip through the pages of this zine to see how different moments have unfolded for the APIDA community at Northwestern University.

Unfolded Zine is an arts publication that aims to engage and uplift Northwestern APIDA artists and community members. We are a branch of the Asian Pacific American Coalition (APAC) and seek to spotlight the diverse talent on our campus and connect with others in reflection about identity, heritage, and culture.

For more information, follow us on Instagram **@unfoldedzine** and check out our website **https://unfoldedzine.cargo.site/**.

thank you to everyone who contributed to unfolded zine's 2024-2025 issue!

ZINE DIRECTION
Kiran Bhat, Michelle Sheen (Art Direction),
Caitlin Wu, Rachel Yoon (Art Direction)

DESIGN
Jade Chi, Jessica Chen, Indra Dalaisaikhan, Jupiter Ding, Christina Feng, Jackie Li, Esther Lim, Dina Miranda, Haarika Palacharla, Jae Pinkner, Michelle Sheen, June Woo, Rachel Yoon

ART SUBMISSIONS
Kunjal Bastola, Kiran Bhat, Christina Feng, Gabrielle Gutierrez, Yiran Huang, Juliana Hung, Emerald Lewis, Patricia Liu, Esther Lim, Mengzhen Markland, Nila Muthusamy, Christine Shin, Shepherd Lee Williams, Kelvin Wong, Lucy Yao, Ana Yoo

SPOTLIGHT
Dawn Angelica Barcelona, Keya Chadhuri, Sophia Chang, Lula Blas Fox, Michelle Nancy Huang, Hana-Lei Ji, Kim Jao

table of contents

6. Like Truth — Kiran Bhat
Designed by Indra Dalaisaikhan

8. Girlhood — Kunjal Bastola
Designed by Rachel Yoon

10. Moments — Patricia Liu
Designed by Michelle Sheen

13. Pinecone — Esther Lim
Designed by Esther Lim

19. Dir: Picture the Rest — Shepherd Lee Williams
Designed by Rachel Yoon

20. Interview with Sophia Chang
Designed by Rachel Yoon

22. Interview with Prof. Michelle Huang
Designed by Rachel Yoon

24. Cinderella Isn't Ready to Go Home— Juliana Hung
Designed by Michelle Sheen

26. Serenity — Christine Shin
Designed by Rachel Yoon

28. Interview with Lula Blas Fox
Designed by Rachel Yoon

30. Interview with Kim Jao
Designed by Rachel Yoon

32. The Summer's Return — Kelvin Wong
Designed by Dina Miranda

34. Snippets From What Has Disappeared — Lucy Yao
Designed by Jackie Li

36. Do You Understand? — Mengzhen Markland
Designed by Christina Feng

40. Parting — Lucy Yao
Designed by Jessica Chen

42. Interview with Hana-Lei Ji
Designed by Michelle Sheen

46. Story — Emerald Lewis
Designed by Jupiter Ding

47. In the Dark — Emerald Lewis
Designed by Jupiter Ding

48. The Sound of Love — Christina Feng
Designed by Michelle Sheen

50. Night Walk in Jongno District— Yiran Huang
Designed by Jade Chi

54. Interview with Keya Chadhuri
Designed by Michelle Sheen

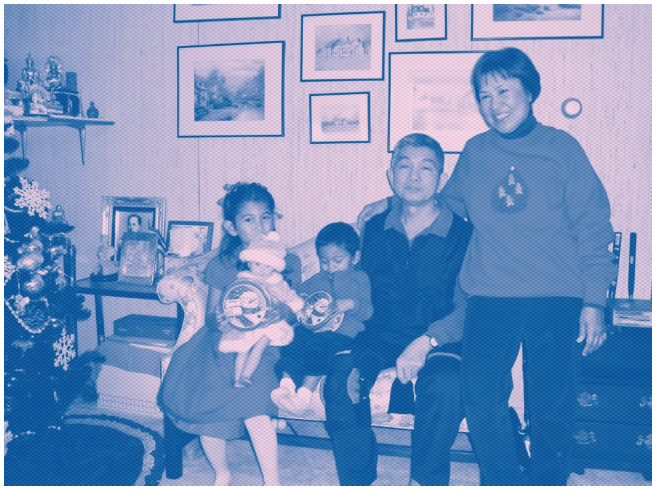
57. Interview with Dawn Angelica Barcelona
Designed by Michelle Sheen

60. Fragments =/= Moments — Ana Yoo
Designed by June Woo

66. Held — Nila Muthusamy
Designed by Haarika Palacharla

68. Hide and Seek — Nila Muthusamy
Designed by Haarika Palacharla

70. Meditation — Gabrielle Gutierrez
Designed by Jae Pinkner



Like Truth

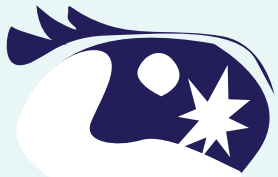
writing by Kiran Bhat
design by Indra Dalaisaikhan

dark braid round my neck your fingers they twist and knead to make space
make yourself at home we're not too big for dawn yet we list our theories
of the world you talk slanted make their eyebrows
crumple you talk in future say *when it gets bad*
that July it was already bad when you salted twice
by accident beads of brine slap my tongue like
truth steals the sweetness out side the burning sun melts
your resolution you hang a prayer on my hands like wet
grass on my palms. keep them together you told me *wish*
that when I die it's quick *and ladylike,* duet like
young dancers sweet sweat drips and cracks your
knee. that was the first time I learned to forget
you as you held the silk blanket and forgot your
self pretending not to see my cheeks dripping fire
yours folded and used to living for those six months you
go back home and be free, but you got old here you
play Mahjong on your iPad ask the cashier at Mark's if she
can believe it *no wrinkles* last year to convince yourself you're still here I take the
burning pot off the stove scrape away blackened space your dark braid my neck

Girlhood

writing by Kunjal Bastola

design by Rachel Yoon



All eyes on me
On us
I raise my hand
To speak
But those eyes
Oh those eyes
They shut me down
Reminding me
I don't belong here
We don't belong here
This world isn't for us
Outsiders looking in
Our sad attempts at crawling
Through an imaginary barrier
Futile
You can't handle it
They say
It would be too much
They whine
Don't
They plead

But
What are barriers for
If not to be broken
What is hardship for
If not to teach us
What are we for
If not to stand up
Look up
Speak up

What is a woman for
If not to be
Just be
Her.

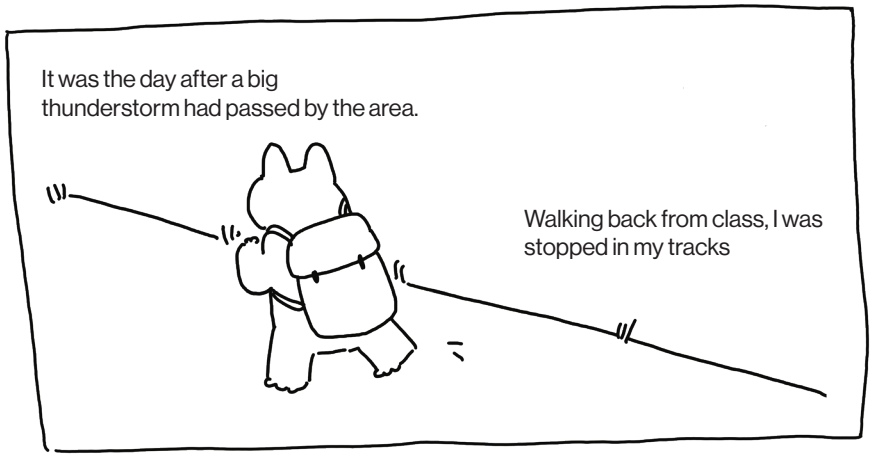
Moments by Patricia Liu

art by Patricia Liu
design by Michelle Sheen

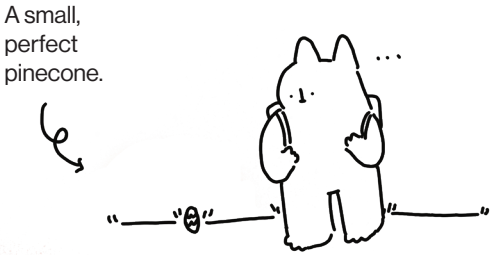
These submissions feature several pieces of digital art that highlight my experience as an Asian American. They are moments that reflect big moments in my life, or cultural identities that make up a big part of me. These "moments" are engrained and formed in my head, where I enjoy depicting them with both imagination and realism. "Moment" to me, is a depiction of time, a snapshot that illustrates both the smallest yet biggest parts of a person's life. These, are mine.

PINECONE

writing & design by Esther Lim



By none other
than...

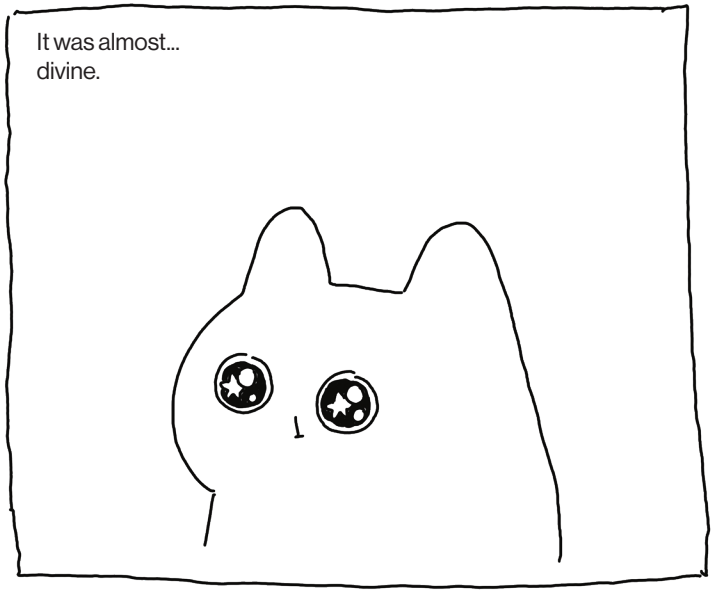


There it
stood.

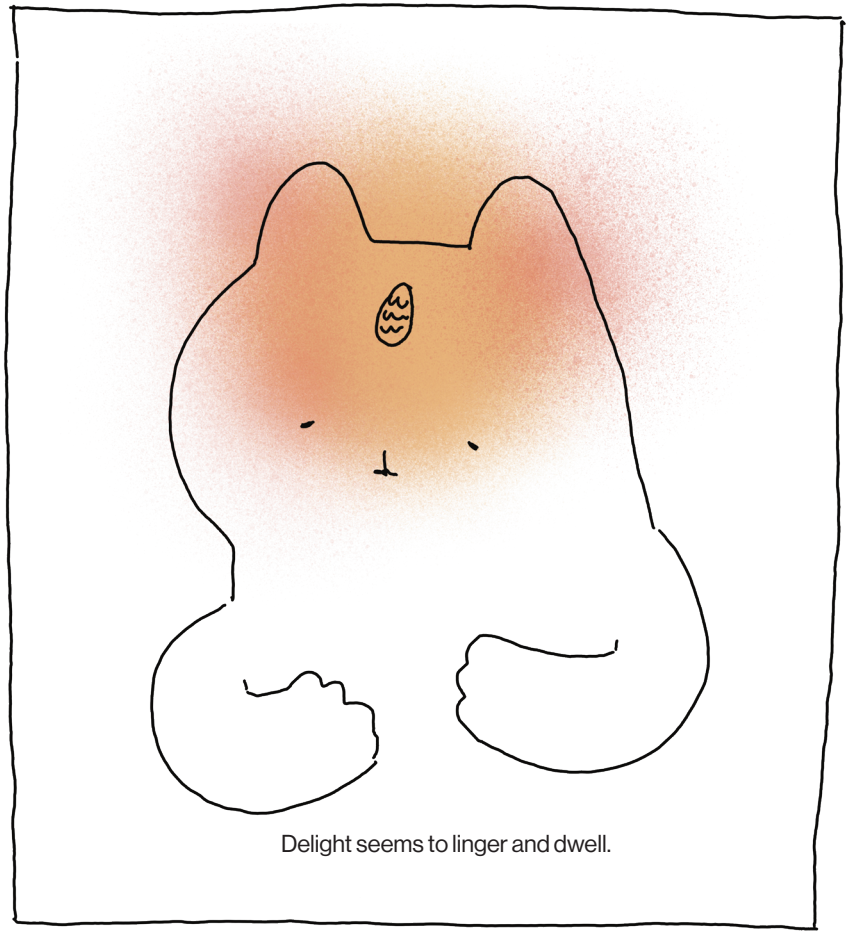
Basking in the sunlight,
perfectly upright despite
the storm.

Or because of it?

It cast a small shadow
behind it, seemingly
implicating something
larger than itself.



It was pure delight.

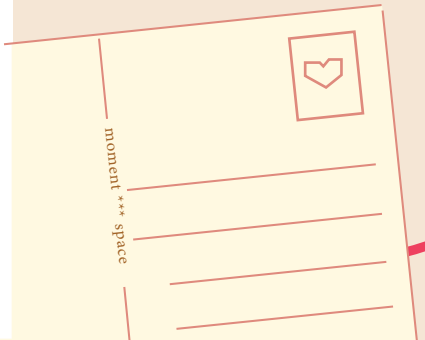


It's a subtle feeling, and if you don't pay enough attention, you might miss it:

You tend not to notice much on those days.

dir: picture the rest

art by Shepherd Lee Williams
design by Rachel Yoon



Sophia Chang

INTERVIEW, DESIGN & PHOTOS
BY RACHEL YOON

Sophia Chang is a fourth year studying Social Policy and Legal Studies, with a minor in Black Studies.She talks about understanding identity through intertwined struggle.

Rachel: What is your connection to the Northwestern/ Northwestern APIDA community?

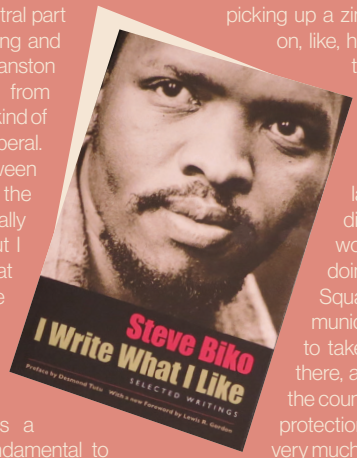
Sophia: I was interested in becoming involved in APIDA spaces when I got Northwestern, because, especially being from Minnesota, there is not a large Asian community there. And so I think that was one of the things that I was really excited about coming to Northwestern. I guess when I say not large, I mean comparatively, and also, I'm Chinese and there are not a lot of Chinese people there. There are a lot of Southeast Asian ethnicities. And so like, that was kind of my community of Asian people growing up with, like, Hmong people, Cambodian people, Laotian people like different things like that, which was very lovely.

...For my class, 25% of the incoming student body was Asian, which includes international students, but also domestic students. It was almost overwhelming how many different spaces there were that I could engage with the Asian community. Because there were so few Asian people where I grew up, it was like we automatically connected because we had to, but now it's like there's so many of us, and it's actually so diverse. Maybe just because we're Asian, we don't have a lot in common, which I feel like, is why I kind of started to align with APAC or the Undergraduate Prison Education Partnership that works with NPEP, the Northwestern prison education initiative. So connecting with Asian students that had similar political identities, similar values, orientations...

R: Yeah. I mean, I always find it so interesting to hear about, specifically, Asian people from the Midwest, because it's such a different dynamic from the East Coast, or the West Coast.

R: Do you find yourself missing Minnesota a lot?

S: I do feel like it is a very central part of the way I've been socializing and grew up. But in a lot of way, Evanston does not feel that different from Minneapolis, just because it's kind of Midwestern, it's kind of white liberal. I see a lot of similarities between Minneapolic and Evanston or the Chicago area and geographically being in the same region. But I miss home and the thing that I miss the most is the people from home.



There were a lot of events that happened in Minneapolis when I was a teenager that were very fundamental to shaping how I viewed the world, how I think about the world, the actions I take, and what I want to do with my life. One of the most obvious being the murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis. That happened when I was 17, a junior in high school going into my senior year and that kind of changed how I thought about everything.

R: Even though I was in Korea at the time, the murder of George Floyd really was the catalyst to me getting my political education and trying to understand more.

S: It's interesting that you say that because I always wonder how people that weren't from Minneapolis, Minnesota, or even from the United States more broadly, how that was talked about. It was very much an international topic of conversation.

...I studied abroad in South Africa, in the fall of last year. It was maybe one of the first weeks of the program, we were at a museum, and we were at this exhibit that was talking about race in South Africa and different things like that. In the introduction to the exhibit, it references the murder of George Floyd, in terms of talking about the role of race in the world. I'm thousands of miles away and this is still something that people have thought about and has impacted them here, and is being referenced in the creation of art.

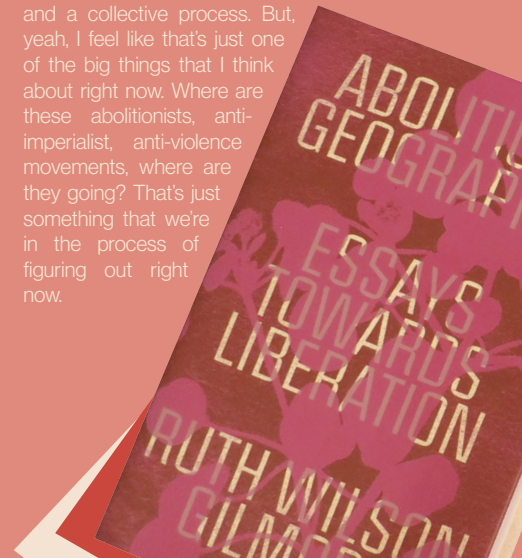
R: How do you think our physical spaces impact how we remember things, how we experience things?

S:I think it just impacted so many people and to witness protests in that way, to witness community organizing in that way...I think a lot about when the Minneapolis city council came out to the public and said, 'We're going to disband the policing as it exists,' like that was a huge moment.

I think about basically, that whole summer, I was just outside, walking around, protesting, doing something, picking up a zine from somewhere, getting a guide on, like, how to abolish the police, or different things like that. To be in that space is something I think back to a lot...

But, I think it feels that we're in such a different space now, almost five years later. I think it feels like we're in a very different space, where the organizing work is still happening, people are still doing amazing work, George Floyd Square is still a thing, and the Minneapolis municipal city government is still trying to take it down. People are still organizing there, and people are still organizing across the country for the abolition of prisons and the protection of Black lives. That is a fight that is very much ongoing, but it just feels like there has been so much repression and backlash since then. It makes me very sad to think about the fact that we [had] elected officials saying that we are going to abolish or disband the police as it exists and now we have just seen police departments soar in the funding that they get, in the creation of Cop City in Atlanta, just different things like that.

...It's not an easy process to abolish something, and also political consciousness is a gradual and a collective process. But, yeah, I feel like that's just one of the big things that I think about right now. Where are these abolitionists, anti-imperialist, anti-violence movements, where are they going? That's just something that we're in the process of figuring out right now.



Prof. Michelle Huang

INTERVIEW & DESIGN BY RACHEL YOON
PHOTOS BY KIRAN BHAT

Prof. Michelle Nancy Huang is a professor at Northwestern University, jointly appointed in the English department and Asian American Studies Program. The interview was done in her office in University Hall.

Rachel: Where are you from? Like your hometown?

MNH: Where are you really from? (laughing)

R: No, not a charged question.

MNH: I'm from Central New Jersey.

R: And would you consider that home?

MNH: Yes. You mean, as opposed to Chicago? Yeah, yes. Not a Midwesterner yet.

R: What is your connection to the Northwestern/ Northwestern APIDA community?

MNH: Asian American Studies here is such a small and undergrad oriented program, and I think that that's really different from a lot of the departments on campus. There's no graduate students, for example, and everyone in Asian American Studies besides Professor Fickle is jointly appointed like I'm in English or Professor Yuh is also in History. Professor Sharma is also in Black Studies. So it means that the amount of work we do for Asian American Studies is because we care about you all in the community. We have this intellectual commitment to the project of Asian American Studies and ethnic studies. More broadly, I think the way that intersects with the APIDA community can be variable, because sometimes, you know, there's a tension between the intellectual project of Asian American Studies and the sort of, like, student cultural aspects of Asian Americans.
R: Is there a reason why you decided to start teaching English or why you wanted to teach English?

MNH: I was someone who always loved reading as a kid. I'm an only child, so just sitting there with my book all the time in a corner, being a weirdo. But I think when I was in college, you know, probably familiar to a lot of Asian American students, my parents were like, you can't be an English major. What are you going to do with that? They were computer people. And I was like, 'Okay, fine, I'll be an econ major.'

So I double majored in econ in English, minored in business in Chinese, and then worked at a law firm in securities law for two years. And was like, 'I'm good at this, and nevertheless, I hate it.' And that's such a weird thing because I think, again, I feel like this is very Asian American, but you feel like because you're good at something, it means you should do it, right?

...But after working at the law firm for two years, I just, you know, kind of didn't see myself going to law school, at least to do corporate anymore, and I didn't think I was smart enough to do like constitutional law, so I figured I could be a high school English teacher. So I went back to grad school, and once I was there, I liked it, so I was like, oh, I'll just try, like, to do the tenure track thing, to try to teach at a university. And I applied for jobs my sixth year of grad school, while I was still finishing my dissertation. This was the first job interview I had. And here I am.

R: Wow, and now you're at Northwestern!

MNH: I'm kind of making it sound easy, but like, obviously it's more lucky than easy.

R: Okay. Now, moving on to the thematic questions, moment in space. What is a moment that you remember fondly?

MNH: One thing that comes to mind is like, I remember my first time teaching [a] really big lecture, and it was in Harris 107, you know, you stand on the stage. It was still kind of early, so it's like shouting through a mask. And it was kind of different than, you know, our classes are small. I like being able to connect, know your names, etc, so it was different. But, you know, after the class, a student who was an Asian American woman, was like, 'It's just so empowering to see someone who looks like me, be in command of a room, as like, the authority and like that people have to listen to you and respect you and that, you know, you're the one with the knowledge.' And I just think about that a lot, because I think it is true that if you don't grow up with a lot of Asian American teachers, particularly women, you're not used to seeing them as sites of information or of intellectual power.

R: And that's why I love APAC as well.

MNH: It's important to be able to talk across differences and stuff like that too. But it's very comforting.

R: How do you think our relationship with the physical space we occupy affects these moments?

MNH: It's a hard thing, right? It's like, I love my job. It's hard to imagine a position better than the one I have. My students are amazing. I like the joint appointment I have, Chicago is a relatively affordable city, but of course, [Northwestern] is run like a corporation, and that makes it very clear that the priorities are not necessarily like learning or equity, but more about protecting the endowment and generating future business opportunities, you know? And I think that that is something that will only increase, like as that's what we're seeing across higher education.

cinderella isn't ready to go *home*

poem by Juliana Hung
design by Michelle Sheen

i'm not listening
when you ask me about study abroad. i
search for the bittersweet story that might tinker
in the way that the spoon spilled. strong in coffee,
stronger in how it's vietnamese, but

please. somewhere
along the sky ride and ocean tides i
lose my grip on the caffeine, an adrenaline

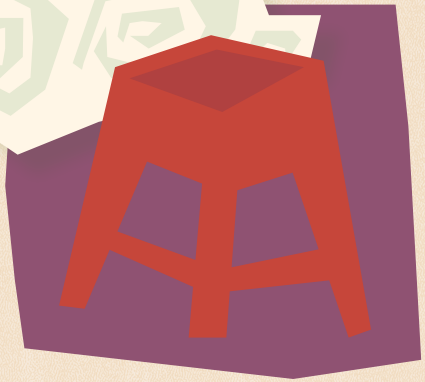
rush that
gushes through me, a driver who weaves
in between unpainted lines &

stops,
securing a helmet
over my head while my thighs
cradle the leather. here on the motorcycle,
exhaust perfumes my hair as my áo dài
wings through the air of

this evening,
this eight-week program is all but a cinderella story,
fleeting as we spend evenings together with
exceeding speed limits and time limits that

don't exist as the food stands up, the steam
stretches
on and off we go, transforming back
into an oversized t. find me on the

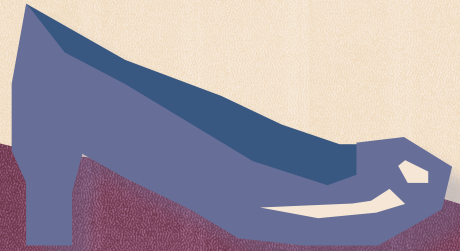
low plastic stools, where my lip-glossed
grease and sweat-pinned hair smiles for
simplicity. but this is yet another
scene that contributes to my glass
slipping story. reality beats my head back to



the heart of this info table.
with a flyer in hand, you ask me if you should
do whatever you want.
i may be hugging this sweet cup of
nothing compares to that summer.
i can't summarize their culture,
but i can indulge in what i know

of the village,
of the locals who know best, wearing
flip flops as they j walk over to
me, generous as they offer
starfruit and passionfruit, but

will you excuse me?



my shift is done, though i fear that
i've forgotten something

serenity

photo by Christine Shin
design by Rachel Yoon

Lula Blas Fox

INTERVIEW & DESIGN BY RACHEL YOON
PHOTOS USED WITH COURTESY FROM LULA BLAS FOX

Lula Blas Fox is a third-year student studying Anthropology and Environmental Policy, with a minor in Global Health. They were studying abroad in Guam at the time of this interview.

Rachel: What is your connection to the Northwestern/Northwestern APIDA community?

Lula: I'm one of the few Pacific Islander students on campus, so I would say that my role is kind of ...what I've been trying to do is foster more representation for Pacific Islander students on campus. So I'm the only Pacific Islander student involved in APAC, but I've been trying to make connections with other Pacific Islander students and push them to get involved. I've gotten one friend involved.

But outside of being on APAC, I've tried to represent my island and my community through, like, when we had the dialog at the encampment and on other projects. So [I'm in] Nesian News, which is with my friend Dean, who's Tongan, and I write about Pacific Islander decolonial history, social movements, language revitalization and stuff like that. So I think on campus, just like creating this small presence from Pacific Islander students, where they can talk about their context and their ancestral connections to their islands in more of like a radical context.

R: I actually wanted to ask about Nesian News. How did you guys, why did you guys decide to start it and what do you hope it becomes?

L: Dean is the founder of Nesian News, so he founded it maybe a year ago in September. It's a media startup company that's meant to connect Pacific Islanders, both in the diaspora and those back home on the islands, and it's specifically oriented towards amplifying success stories. So he's looking for Pacific Islanders that have made it in the business world or the tech world and have kind of broken down stereotypes of Pacific Islanders being "lazy." I get to write articles and I write a weekly newsletter, kind of about whatever I want. I have different columns where I'm focusing on cultural protection and different historical stuff going on in the different islands.

So my work isn't as closely related to, like his mission in uplifting success stories, but it more so kind of parallels... because Pacific Islanders, [even] when they like get involved in capitalism, they still remain very connected to their roots. And usually they become successful out of being driven to provide for their family, which is a very big thing in Pacific communities, like, everything you do is for your family. So it's kind of trying to reorient that. So we're on slightly different paths here, but we still work together to kind of end up at the same goal, which is just to remind people of their roots and how that should guide them, and like the ethics and values they should hold.

—

R: My next question is more about the theme. So the theme of the zine this year is moment and space. What is a moment that you remember fondly?

L: Every single time I go back to the Pacific Ocean, especially in Guam, I think that's something I always remember fondly because it's this really like, intimate sensation of being welcomed back into my own land. Every time I'm in the ocean it feels very spiritual for me, it feels very healing. I can feel the ocean welcoming me back.

I think another memory that's very powerful for me is... There's this site in Guam, this site's called Pågat, and it was originally going to be used as a firing range by the US military. So they were planning on building this firing range in like 2010 but my boss at the place I interned this summer, he led a lawsuit against the US military to prevent them from desecrating the site, because turning it into a firing range military installation is obviously really bad for any of like the archaeological sites there, the cultural heritage sites. The space is like where an ancient village was, so it's filled with thousands and thousands of years of remains from our past. It's not currently lived in, but there are people living in very close proximity in surrounding communities.

...I went to the site for the first time this summer, and I was with my boss's son, who basically became an informal tour guide for the site...And just going there with him was really, really impactful for me. Just seeing all of the cultural heritage remnants. Some of the most important artifacts in the site are latte. So, latte are these limestone pillars that our ancestors would carve and they're heavy, heavy pillars. They're usually somewhere between like three to ten feet tall, and they're completely made of limestone, and they're shaped kind of conically. Houses were put on top of them, so they were arranged in sets.

Any CHamoru knows that when you see a latte stone, you can't touch it. That's kind of just one of our rules, because we believe that our ancestors should rest in peace. And anywhere you see a latte, there's a grave site underneath because ancient Chamorro burial practices were that family members would be buried under the house.

latte in Hila'an, Guam

But yeah, I think just seeing all of those aspects of, like, CHamoru heritage, and they were just everywhere, like the site was abundant with all of these old remnants of our ancestors. And I think that the site was just really powerful. It was very spiritual.

It's kind of interesting with Guam. The island is very, very spiritual, even compared to other places. So there have been many people that come to the island, not necessarily believing in spirits, but Guam is a place where you always like sense something in the back of your eye, or like in the corner of your eye, and you feel like an ancestral presence everywhere you go. And I think that Pågat was one of those sites where I just really felt connected to my past—you can just feel it.

Kim Jao

INTERVIEW & DESIGN BY RACHEL YOON
PHOTO USED WITH COURTESY FROM KIM JAO

Kim Jao is a fourth-year student studying Journalism and Political Science. She enjoys drawing from the world around her to make videos, design zines, write, and more.

Rachel: Do you have any routines when school is in session?

Kim: I've been gone from campus since March, since spring quarter last year. So it's been a while, but it would always change. I'm really lucky that for the last few quarters at Northwestern, I could take classes that only made me have class, maybe two to three days a week. So usually, on those days, I'd get up, pick an outfit, maybe finish a reading (if I was too lazy to do it the night before) and then I always have a drink that I [was] obsessed with making that quarter. So now in London, I've been making a lot of matcha lattes, and then in Evanston I would make Earl gray tea... I think in sophomore year, I would, like, make coffee.

So, yeah, I always have my drink in the morning, and it changes throughout the season, and that's kind of my routine. Like, it helps me get out of bed and give me a reason to be excited about the day, to start the morning.

R: For the spring, was that your journalism residency?

K: Yeah, I was in New York that quarter. I had milk oolong tea every day.

R: How was the JR?

K: It was so much fun. It was so much fun. I was at Ink Magazine. It's such an underrated JR site, but I think it's only worth doing Ink or doing a JR in New york if, obviously, the rent is affordable for you. So, I was able to, luckily, figure something out, but it was so much fun.

R: We're you able to do any creative work for that?

K: At Ink, I was only reporting, but it was really nice to be in New York because I was with my friends who are also creative. I feel like in that city, there's a lot of opportunities, just to meet people and to do stuff like that. So I freelanced a video for this like local small business in Brooklyn where they make micro greens. I ordered micro greens from him because my friends and I wanted to make a really fancy dinner, and then I shared them on my Instagram with him. And he was like, wait, I like your account, let's make a video. Sounds really fun. And I just made a bunch of other videos, for myself, while I was in New York. So I really liked that, because I feel like I'm less inspired in Evanston, which is, I think, an excuse, but, yeah,

R: Tell me more about creative work.

K: So when I was in middle school, my friend, she made like random music videos, which I thought were really cool. And then she had me help her one time. It was so much fun. So I started making videos just like random visualizers to different songs that I liked and taking pictures as well. I've always been interested in analog film. And then I joined the school magazine because I liked videos and photography. So I had a lot of, like, photo shoots. Was really creative. And so I wanted to get a leadership position so I could help creatively direct that. So I started writing, and then that's how I became the editor in chief. But then that's how I got interested in like design and photography and writing. I got to do more videos there, and then, throughout college, I've just been able to explore a lot of that and work on random things that I just find fun for myself, like to do photo shoots with my friends, design zines, meet new people and reach out to them and figure out how I can work with them stuff like that.

R: What do you think inspires you?

K: When I consume more media, I become more inspired because I have something to say about it or it makes me think of something or it makes me come up with an idea. I think for videos I can sometimes hear a song and then I'll come up with an idea of a video in my head, just based on how the song makes me feel. If I'm writing, maybe it's because I read a book, or I saw a movie and it made me think of something or I saw something online. And photography, I guess similarly for both of these things, I just see stuff around me. I get a lot of inspiration from like social media and other artists online and Pinterest. So I think, the more you consume, the more you want to create.

—

R: Do you miss the Phillipines at all?

K: Yeah. It's interesting because my parents always assumed that or they always wanted me to go to a school in the US. So, they raised me to always know that I was going to leave home and I didn't know if I'd come back after I graduate. I think a lot of international students in Southeast Asia want to move back to where they came from after, but with journalism, I don't think that would work out. So, yeah, that's why I'm going home for winter quarter, because then I don't know, for the rest of my life, when I'll be able to spend more than three months at home, so it'll be fun. But yeah, I feel like every time I'm home, I miss it a lot, but then I realize more and more why I wouldn't or can't live there.

R: Yeah, I have the same feelings, like when I was back in Korea this summer. It was so strange.

K: Right. And it feels really different because all your friends are gone, or they're in different places, and then you don't know when they'll be back. And like, sometimes, the way the city looks changes as well, even just in one year.

the summer's return

poem by Kelvin Wong
design by Dina Miranda

the summer's return
its long-awaited embrace

is met with fog
emotions churn

the sun's fury
pales in the mist

making the hills grow distant
silhouettes scurry

the window's peaceful gaze
sparkles with wildflowers

but you return a blank stare
days become a haze

the same hills we scaled
remain sunny on top

poppies still in bloom
only veiled

we'll find it funny soon
how the mind plays tricks in june

HERE?

Snippets from what has *disappeared*

writing by Lucy Yao
design by Jackie Li

WHERE

There aren't many red benches in the city. Or in downtown suburbia—where the sky's gray matches the building lines. I imagine it's one of those things that's hard to find, but easy to spot, as you wait for me there. Ice cream drips down your sleeve and I am waiting for something to happen.

For the world to explode and the glass to swarm the air. For the clouds to overtake us, billowing after the Teslas and gold storefronts. You tell me something about the last moment we had like this, in the heart of July in dusty Valencia, where the most human things are the locks lining that bridge above the highway. I remember thinking that this here was its opposite — the heart of December in downtown where I see droplets hanging in air, and we are the least human.

I remember telling you I think this is a tale of cycles, where somehow months later, I am back at the same heartache, on that red bench in suburbia. I hesitated to call this a wavelength though, because we are not reaching the same peaks every time. We are not pushing and pulling with the moon's tides that remain, relenting, every beach we are near; there's something here in the shape of boomboxes and clay strokes, each resonating in a new shape. A different piece of our hearts have been suckled out, as I'm reminded of blind mothers cradling their baby's leg, feeling each dip and form of bone. I wonder if that has been what's happened here—we are engraved with words we must feel with each nerve to know its meaning. Mine has said that my heart is always in one timeline as you: this is a story about remembering before things have happened, and crying after we tumbled in the grass.

You told me then that somehow we have all been chosen for this, to have our mind exploded into states of supernova. I clutched the bench again in maroon, it wrinkling under my grip as I imagine this is how the skin folds as well. How her hand must've felt when she realized before me what was being lost. Even now, we all live there, I said. Because how was I supposed to know that I'd only recognize my daydream when it turned into nostalgia, and how was I supposed to tell you then—our voices suspended in air—that sometimes I think they chose wrong.

I passed by that bench again today. There were four ladies sitting on it, each holding an ice cream cone, with one licking the stripe down her arm. I wonder if this is a place for emotions, where pieces are reopened to bleed. I can never imagine another space our words are allowed to touch.

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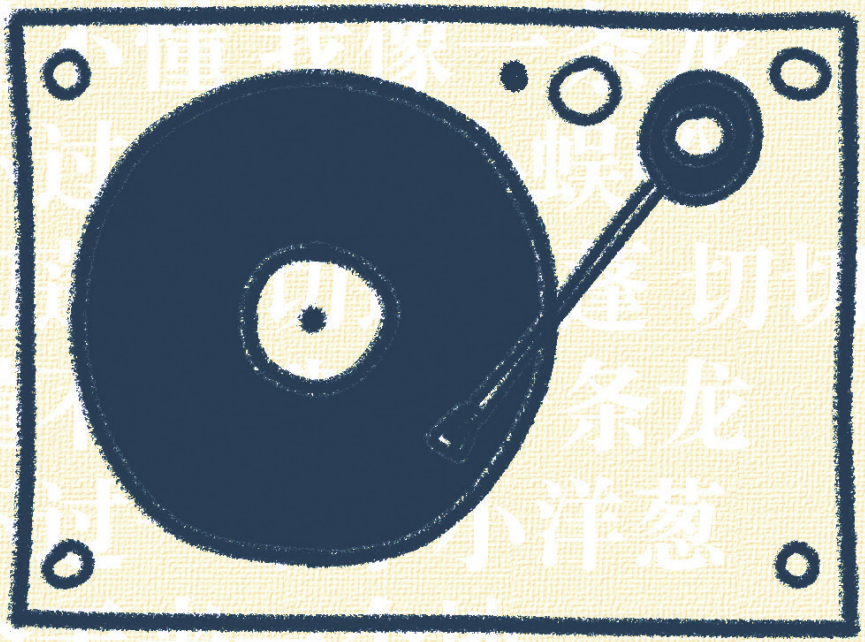


Do You Understand?

art by Mengzhen Markland
design by Christina Feng

time stood still

my grandmother

andi

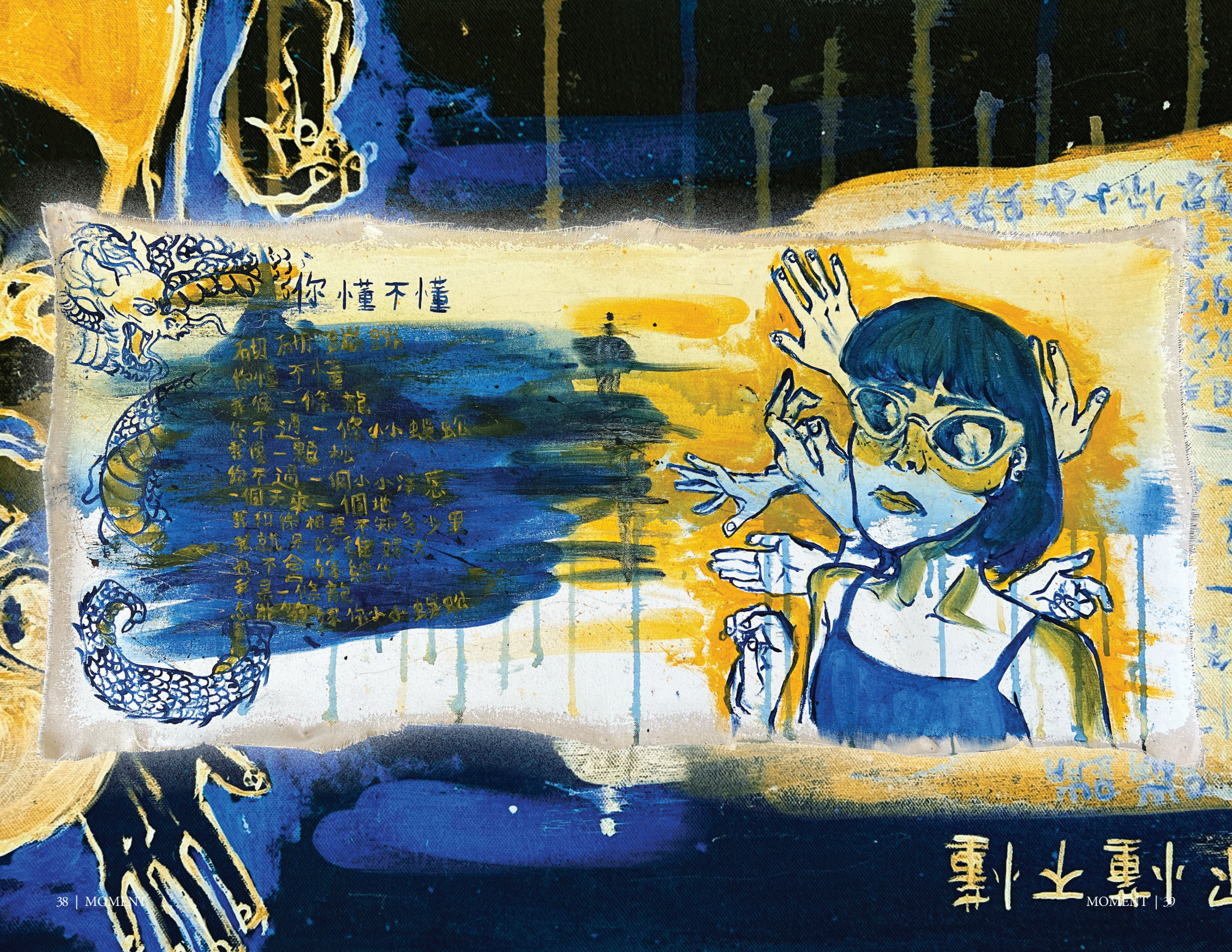
moments of closeness

alongside her voice

the steam would waft through the house

we swayed together
in the living room

music was the one thing that never
faded with time


你懂不懂

parting

poem by ***Lucy Yao***
design by ***Jessica Chen***

to the demons nesting inside my stilted body: linger
always leave a part of you within because i can not bear to part with something
so familiar to me now. because if i am not lined with toxins how do i grasp
the baby scorpion caverned in my palms and keep breathing clean air knowing that
there will always be a worst. that wherever i run into i am tumbling down a chain of
duplicitous pyrite because that's what heaven's made of. do the salmon know that
upstream there is no better water? only that if they are washed away at least they will
be covered in luster, and never found by thorns? oh demon, well daemon are you also a salmon.
do you keep leaving because you believe that i am only
water. and that out there is the sea? is that why whenever i've cleaned out the mold
in my lungs you quake again in sharp glitter. did you finally realize that

without me, you are only white ashes made of fleeting ambition
and i am what makes you grounded again, stilted.

Hana-Lei Ji

INTERVIEW, DESIGN & PHOTOS BY MICHELLE SHEEN

Hana-Lei Ji is a fourth-year studying social policy and cognitive science with a minor in Asian American studies. This interview happened at the Northwestern University Lakefill, one of Hana-Lei's favorite spots on campus.

Michelle: Where are you from/call home?

Hana-Lei: I'm from the Big Island of Hawaii. There's a little town called Waimea, and I guess I technically didn't live there, but I went to school there.

M: What is a moment that you remember fondly? It can be a moment from your childhood or during your time at Northwestern.

H: I think generally of when I worked in restaurants throughout high school. I have fond memories of having connections with coworkers and then also having a lot of connections with customers or people who'd come in. ... I was kind of a bad server, and I was just not very efficient with my time. I like talking a lot with people, and so I'd be stuck at a table for so long. We'd have regulars come in a lot, and especially at my mom's restaurant now, it's so fun. I really love being in that space because my mom has so much creative control over the decorations.

H: So many of the moments that come up for me are with people in some way, and I think in a lot of my memories of Hawaii and the values that I've grown up with have been in those communities that have taught me so much about community, care, and support of one another. ... I think when coming [to Northwestern], that was something I had wanted to bring in ways ... to future spaces, especially the spaces that I occupy now like organizing work or like extracurriculars. I think those values of relationships, almost like our relational responsibilities to one another, is something I bring from Hawaii.

M: Is there a childhood place or moment that is really special to you?

H: My grandma's house in Nagano, Japan. I'm not fully bilingual, but when you're a child, you don't really need to have language to be able to spend time together and have fun or even just run around the house together. So with my cousins, I would definitely spend [a lot of] time with them. There was a huge swinging chair hammock, and we would play around there. My younger sister and I would spend a lot of time in that house, and it [brings back] a lot of fun memories."M: What kind of feelings does your childhood home(s) evoke?

M: I know this is kind of a cliche, but is there any dish or food that you associate with your grandma/ grandma's house?

H: It's not curry, but it's kind of like curry, and it looks like a cream stew. I have no idea what's in it. It looks like curry, but instead of being brown, it's white because it's cream-based. I also feel like I associate my grandma a lot with a really gross vegetable drink. I didn't like it when I was younger, but like, whenever I see it in the grocery store, I'm like, "Oh my gosh, it's the drink my grandma had."

M: What kind of feelings does your childhood home(s) evoke?

H: I don't even know what the smell is, but there is something when I come off the plane when I land at home in Hawaii — maybe it is because it's by the ocean. I wouldn't say it's like a sea salt smell, but there definitely is a very deep feeling when I'm coming home. I don't know what [the feeling] is. I think I miss home so much right now, so in some ways it is relief.

story.

story.
my story isn't like theirs.
does it really matter? can I even complain?

i never felt embarrassed eating lunch at school, but sometimes i wish i did. maybe then i could feel like i was a part of something bigger than myself.

maybe they were just curious,
when they asked,

"if you didn't say anything, i wouldn't have even known you were asian."

"when i first met you, i thought you were wasian."

"did your parents treat you well growing up?"

"did you even call them your parents?"

sometimes i'm proud of my story.
and sometimes i feel like i have none.

poems by emerald lewis
design by jupiter ding

in the dark.

in the dark.
what does it mean, in the middle of the night, when a child knocks on the door to be comforted?

does it mean she's scared? or is she afraid?

is she in pain? is she okay?

well yes,

and no.

she is afraid, but not of the dark.
instead of the fact, of death at her door.

the thought of being alone.
the day when the door is gone.
and no one is there to answer her.

and yes, soon, little girl, that time will come.

but until then, rest, be at peace.

come, have a hug, and cry no more.

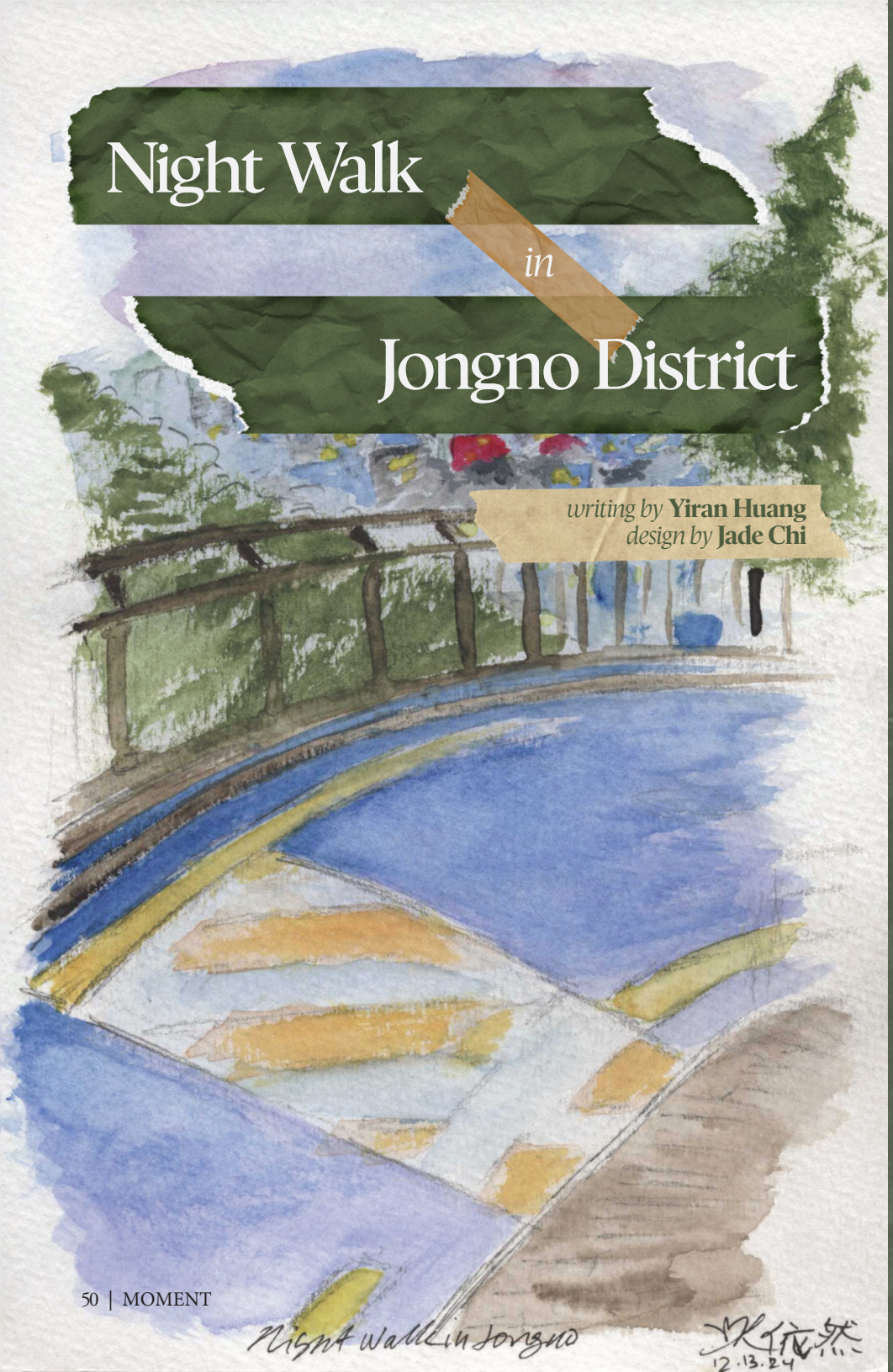
my moments,

how fleeting yet eternal. this one resides in a cozy corner of my heart. as surely as the sun sets and the moon rises each day, this was my assurance that distance is not so cruel - or, rather, that the coldness of reality is but a whisper against the warmth of our love. this is: bounding into the living room after dinner, weaving through the couches, squeezing past the wooden table, and snatching up the landline phone before punching in the numbers that i know by heart, humming along to the melodic tones of the keys. three (or maybe more) have had the privilege of mediating this tradition: the small black one that has become but a fuzz in my memory; the purple shrek one; and the new (now old) blocky beige one. evenings spent with my phone pressed against my ear and the voice of love resonating into my heart - those were (are) my favorite evenings. moments... tender, and eternal.

offered with love,
christina feng

Night Walk *in* Jongno District

writing by **Yiran Huang**
design by **Jade Chi**



It was seven in the evening and the sky faintly glowed orange over Jongno District. The summer breeze lightly tapped Yiran's exposed shoulders as she exited the personal photoshoot.

In the distance, Gwangjang Market was picking up on business. Yiran considered heading towards the market or back to her hotel. When she noticed the traffic in the city was not ending, she realized much of the day was still left. She turned around and made her way north towards Ihwa Mural Village.

Yiran's long parachute skirt scratched at her ankles with each step. As long as she was not bleeding, she didn't mind. Yiran wore skirts as often as she witnessed solar eclipses. She did not see herself as the type to wear dresses or anything floral. Still, being in a new city, she felt free to wear anything and be anyone.

To avoid tripping over the steep steps leading up to the mural, Yiran clutched her skirt to lift it. After forty minutes of following the NAVER Maps navigation, night quickly approached the city. Yiran had not seen any murals. Still, she enjoyed the walk even as five shopping bags weighed her down and made her arms red.

Ahead of her, Yiran noticed a sign with directions to Naksan Park. Although hiking up the mountain was not in her plans, she pursued it without hesitation.

The path to the top was winding at times, with sidewalks varying in width. Every other half hour, Yiran noticed another person walking the trail. Sometimes, it was a tourist couple, other times, a local elderly person walking their pet dog. The lack of crowds yet occasional signs of life gave her a sense of comfort.

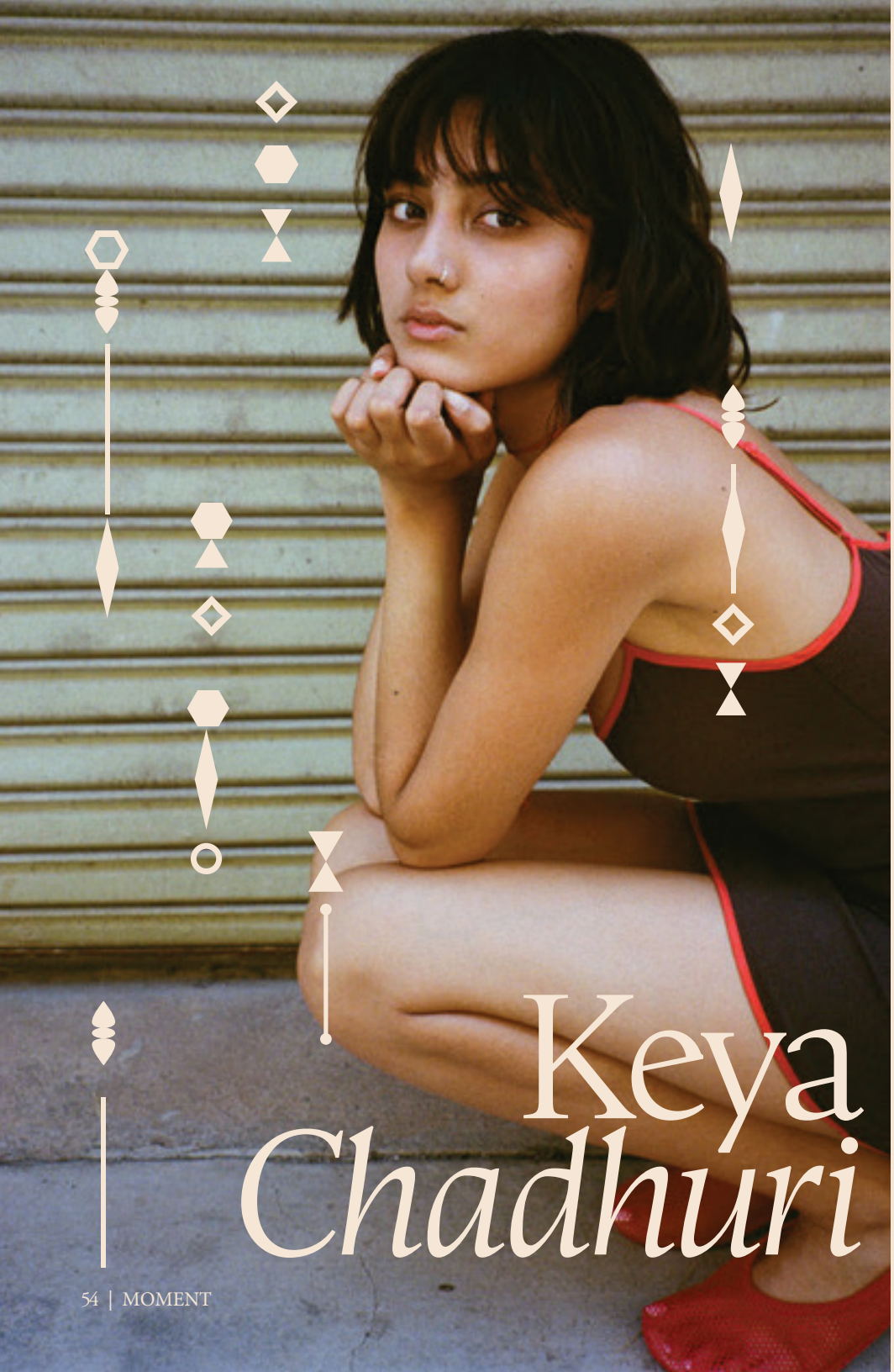
At the observation deck, Yiran set her phone on a set of stairs and turned on her camera timer. Running to pose in front of the camera, Yiran only had herself to take pictures. Noticing the borderline touristy–borderline romantic–borderline mundane nature of the park, she laughed at herself. She found the situation a little pathetic but also lovely. She was on a date with herself.

The city below her was so distant yet so close. Some of the store signs below were still legible and the hilly city became a wavy sea of light. Like an aurora. To the right side of the view was the neighborhood she had just hiked, slightly dimmer but still beautiful and visible.

It finally occurred to Yiran that it was her third night in Seoul. This was the result of months of budgeting and fabricating a two-week-long study-abroad program to her parents. Yiran had not come to a new country for school, family, or business. She did it for herself.

In the first twenty-one years of her life, Yiran had never taken a vacation or trip for herself. Nor had she ever splurged on herself to the point of carrying multiple shopping bags. As a child, Yiran wondered what adulthood would look like. Now barely there, she realized with a sense of responsibility that adulthood was the freedom to take care of herself. To give herself experiences and things no one else can ever give her. While being spoiled was great, spoiling oneself was greater.

Yiran no longer needed to wait for or ask anyone to have fun. Instead of facing adulthood with dread, she became excited to explore the person she would become. Even at night, even alone, even in a foreign city, Yiran kept climbing up.



Keya Chadhuri

INTERVIEW BY RACHEL YOON
DESIGN BY MICHELLE SHEEN

PHOTO USED WITH COURTESY FROM KEYA CHADHURI

Keya Chadhuri is a second-year majoring in Human Development in Context and Journalism with a minor in Spanish.

Rachel: What is your connection to the Northwestern/Northwestern APIDA community?

Keya: The South Asian community here is very special to me. I'm from LA and I think high school was kind of when I started [to] feel like I had a very Asian identity. So my friends are mostly Southeast Asian, East Asian. So I think I kind of formed my identity, but there weren't a lot of South Asian people around growing up.

K; So coming here, I lived in 1838 last year and my floor was literally half South Asian. That was crazy. I've never seen this many Indian people in my life.

K: I love the Asian American Studies Department. So awesome. They're like, the best people ever. Genuinely, I've taken one class, but, I feel like it's just like the professors are just so, so kind the food, the free food at every single one of the events, the Happy Lemon sponsorships. I think that I considered studying it here, honestly, but I think I don't have time. But I think I try to involve myself with those spaces as much as I can regardless.

R: Yeah, I also just declared a minor [in it]. What class did you take?

K: I took South Asian American Cultures with Shalini.

R: Just going into connecting with more South Asian people, did you not have that growing up?

K: So my mom immigrated and my dad was born here, but all my grandparents are from India. So I guess that makes me very second gen. I'm very close with all of my grandparents and I lived with them for a little. I feel very connected to my South Asian identity in terms of food and religion. Those are the two very big things for me. I cook a lot and we eat a lot of Indian food.

K: But I think one of the other things was I don't speak well. I'm learning it now. I'm taking Hindi here and I just started my beginner's level [course]. Anyway, I didn't speak the language, even though my parents do, because they didn't teach it to me. So, I feel like there was always a kind of big gap of not really feeling totally there and then we'd have a lot of family, friends, and cousins.

K: But in terms of a South Asian community, LA does not have that many. I don't know what it is, I think they're all in the Bay. I have only ever had like one Indian friend in school [before Northwestern].

R: Have you lived in LA your whole life then? Do your parents still live in the house you grew up in?

K:Yea, so we've been in the same house for like 20 years, 25, something like that, which is really cool. And then my grandparents are still in the house that when they immigrated, they came to for like 50 something years.

R: Is it pretty close by then?

K: Traffic is horrible, so it's like 30 to 35 minutes.

R: Ok, yeah. Could you describe your house for me?

K: I live in Silver Lake. It's kind of by downtown Hollywood areas. I think it was 2004 when my family was there, so

the year before I was born. Before that, both my parents were in college and figuring it out. So they were living by the college and it was their first home together. When they moved there, it was a primarily Salvadorian neighborhood and Mexican neighborhood. I always say like LA is literally Mexico. But the parts further west had already kind of gotten gentrified, and the way it spreads in LA, it's been moving east. So it definitely changed a lot. I love my neighborhood a lot, but it definitely underwent a lot of serious gentrification in the last 20 years that I've been growing up.

K: ...But it's really great. I think it was really important to [my parents] to have a home, like this is their house. All the money that they're putting into is paying off the house, like [they said] 'We're gonna pay off this house so that you can have this house when you're older.' I think that kind of security is important to them. So we've done a lot. We put a lot of love into [it], we've done a ton of renovations.

R: I just wanted to ask a little bit about, like, your experience, like, both in front of and behind the camera. How did you get into them?

K: I was always into art. So I was in art classes since I was really little. I was five, so I did art from elementary school till I graduated high school at the same place. I love it there. They're awesome. So I feel like, for me, photography was very just like art. I didn't have a phone until very late, and so I think I got a phone around the same time I had a camera.

I learned film photography in middle school. No, I was 13 or 12 and I took dark room classes and I'd go and develop my own film in the dark room and make prints of it and scan them or whatever. I did the whole thing until COVID shut everything down. So that it was definitely just an art form for me, and then has just kind of expanded since then. I think it's just really accessible. I love making art, but it's really hard to [do that] here, in college.

Dawn Angelica Barcelona

INTERVIEW & DESIGN BY MICHELLE SHEEN
PHOTOS BY KIRAN BHAT

Dawn Angelica Barcelona is an MFA candidate at Northwestern University and has taught classes like Reading & Writing Poetry and Introduction to Creative Writing. Starting as an English and Human resource management student at Rutgers University, Barcelona always loved the arts — especially creative writing and poetry — and teaching. As a lifelong learner and artist, Barcelona seeks "pockets of community" and spaces to practice her creativity wherever she goes.

Michelle: How do you express yourself creatively? And how would you encourage students to do the same?

Dawn: I would love to teach like classes that include collaging and writing. So I try to seek those classes out, and some of them are offered by like the Poetry Foundation or story studio Chicago. And so I'll like actually go out to these classes in person or take them online.

D: I think with something like collage and art, it feels way more playful. Just try to slap things on a page. I actually make all the art in my house and they're all collages. Some of them are actually inspired by poems that I have written, and then I'll make a collage, or I'll do a thing where I make the collage and then I write based off of it.

D: I think it's hard, especially in a place that's so rigorous like Northwestern, to prioritize creativity and art because the quarter system is very unforgiving. So, when do you have time to do anything? But I always feel like the pent-up stress and negative feelings that might come up could get released in 30 minutes of making something. I try to make things very low-stakes. Like, if I have my coffee subscription, I'm just gonna deconstruct the coffee bags, and then if I'm reading newspapers, I'm like, 'okay, a fun quote or picture,' and then I'll just paste that onto the coffee bag. I created something and it had no purpose, but it's just something to distract me from the stress of what school and life can be.

M: What relation do you think the spaces we occupy have with the moments that we think of so fondly?

D: I think of comfort, and I think comfort can mean different things for different people. For me, it means people are present, and not everyone is on their phones. For example, if we're making art, just everyone being in the zone, and working with their hands is important. I also think having spaces with natural light and food is important in bringing the community together. You get to feel connected with other people through what they make — both through food and art.

M: How have you seen your Filipino American identity come into focus at Northwestern?

D: I think just having the freedom to write whatever I want has been great. When teaching, we actually get to set our own curriculums or our own readings, so for me, a lot of the writers that I have grown up with, followed, and tried to emulate, are Asian American or Filipino American. like Barbara Jane Reyes or Jason Bayani have been really influential on me, so I'm able to include them on my syllabus and then also share that part of my identity with students.

fragments of moments

This collection of my writing is separated into three parts: kongsu for mother, appa's memories, and translation and/as mediation. Together, they represent my mother, my father, and myself through fragments comprised of ritual practices in Korean Shamanism, pieces of oral histories, and assemblages of words. The photographs are from my family's collection.

writing by Ana Yoo
design by June Woo

I. kongsu[1] for mother

Jung Mi-young
        who loved writing
dreams, betrayal, and depression
whom you never knew.

Three moons
one summer
overlapping time
ended in August.

Her existence
        merely hushed words
others whispered
figured in absence.

A bottle of N°5 Eau de Parfum
celadon pottery
Givenchy earrings
two leather bags.

You couldn't sit still
        there was a briefcase
        surrounded by paper
You found her.

Words on a certificate
        so that was death
        just like birth
Silence filled with noise.

Let's sing, dance, place offerings
open the Gates of Words
open your body
listen to the spirits.

Your body is now fog.
Your face is a cloud.
Your thoughts are smoke.
Your torment is a breath that escapes.[2]

Don't worry.
I will help you.
I support you.
Don't worry.

Go freely.
Don't look back.
Don't cry.

Depart!
Go!

Fly!

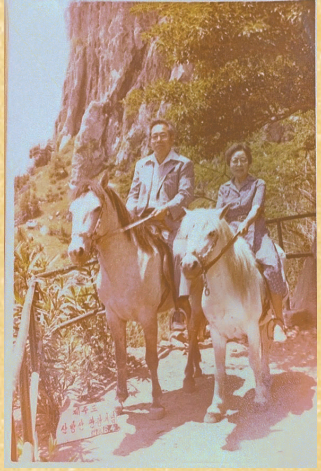
Don't worry
We will help her
We support her
Don't worry

You will be okay
        time freed from history.

1 The kongsu is part of a traditional Korean shamanic ritual performed by a mudang, typically a female shaman. In the kongsu, the mudang performs repetitive chants and in their delivery, often move freely through the identities or consciousnesses present–the client, mudang, spirits.

2 This and the following stanzas are in conversation with Kim Hyesoon's *Autobiography of Death.*

II. appa's memories[1]



1. Appa's family once owned a turkey. When the turkey was upset, its face turned blue. He thought it was ugly, but it was precious to their struggling family. Somebody stole it and they never found out who.
2. Appa walked to school every day, about a mile each way. He said there was a kid in his high school who walked over a mountain: "I don't think even I could do it."

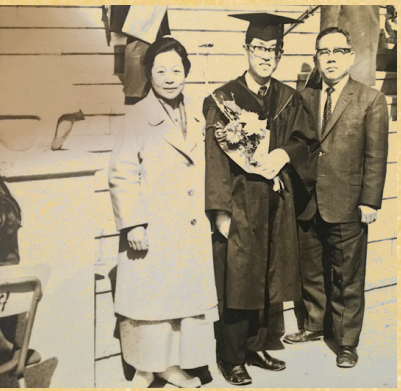
   Apparently, he never missed a school day except for the day he had appendectomy surgery. He still remains prideful of this fact today.

3. After the Korean War ended everyone was so poor that only a couple of families had cars–and they were driven by drivers. The drivers would talk to each other while they washed the cars. The cars were shiny because they were washed all day, every day.
4. Appa learned how to ride a bike using his friend's bike. His friend was the only kid in the neighborhood who could afford a bike.

1 These are oral histories that my appa (dad in Korean) has shared with me and which I have been documenting for over ten years. In my archiving, I have categorized his memories into distinct times of his life: early childhood, high school, college, military, and his immigration to the US. These are excerpts from the chapter on his childhood.

5. Harabeoji was a businessman who, over the course of his life, had multiple business that flourished or failed. One of his businesses was distributing fish and dried squash–and he would always tell Appa to peel the skins off to prevent flies from sitting on them while they dried naturally in the sun.
6. Halmeoni's father was a farmer. Whenever Appa went to the farm he ate as many watermelons as he could. That watermelon variety no longer exists.
7. At one point, Harabeoji was a middleman between fisherman and retailers. He would arrive at Incheon around 4 am and then drive to Seoul, arriving around 6 am. Harabeoji made good money off of this particular business and always sold all the fish in his truck. He would always save one or two fish for the family.

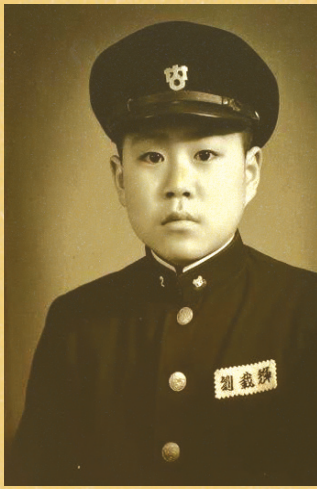
   This business eventually ended when the dictator at the time, Park Chung-hee, took over.



8. Meat was very expensive so it was only eaten a few times a year–for birthdays, parties, etc. With Korea being a peninsula, Appa ate a lot of fish growing up, instead.
9. Appa's grandfather had two wives and this was socially acceptable–almost expected even–at the time. Once people became wealthy it was bound to happen, Appa said.
10. The family home in Ahyeon-dong used to be next door to a small branch police station and yet, thieves would still steal shoes by picking the lock on their front door–according to Appa, the locks were poorly made back then and so they were easily broken or picked. One time, their radio was stolen from the living room. It was a common occurrence for their shoes to be stolen.
11. When Appa went to the Buddhist temple with his mom, he could tell which monks were corrupt. The monks with families were always kind to everyone, but the corrupt ones would only talk to the wealthy donors. Apparently, it was apparent to Appa despite his young age.
12. The Beatles were Appa's favorite musicians, but his parents were always complaining that what he was listening to wasn't real music.
13. In eighth grade, Appa crossed the Han River in an inflatable raft while his friends swam across.

    "Umma told me not to go to the river because a neighbor in elementary school had drowned and died there. She told me not to go but I still went!" [laughter]

    He didn't know how to swim. "It was really dumb."



14. One day, Appa and his friends went to the countryside and swam across a wide river and afterwards dug up some peanuts from a farm and ate them. They weren't good because they were raw.
15. "He was the best, I still remember him!" Appa says the only teacher he can remember is his fourth-grade teacher.
16. In elementary school, kids sat in order from the smartest kid sitting in the front, and the ones with the lowest scores in the back. I asked where Appa sat: the first seat, right?

    "No, but I was close. Third or fourth."

III. translation and/as mediation[1]

"world =/= words"
<time>
watch world =/= 시계 세계
시계 세계
時計 世界
watch + world = poetry
ㅅㄱㅅㄱㅅㄱ
시계 세계 시구
詩句
world =/= word =/= poetry
</time>

"translation and/as mediation"
<movement><mediation>
and/as
=/=
code =/= poetry
language =/= poetry
translation =/= mediation
translation is an anti-neocolonial mode
</movement></mediation>

"anti-neocolonial mode"
<ressentiment>
한 =/= han
six strokes =/= three strokes
9 strokes
9
구 =/= 區
district =/= space
korea as neocolony
</ressentiment>

"death"
<poetry>
language + space + time
three words
△
language^2 + space^2 = time^2
solve for time
- +
past and present
前 今
death = language + space + time
death without time =/= language and space
death =/= poetry
</poetry>

1 This is an experiment with digital poetry. I draw heavily from Don Mee Choi's work.

Held

art by Nila Muthusamy
design by Haarika Palacharla

In most situations, parents make up a young child's entire world.

Held highlights the immense adoration a child has for her mother, and the tremendous love the mother has for her child. This piece intends to take the viewer back to their childhood, remembering the immensely warm and safe feeling of being held, a moment many of us for granted and long to experience once more.

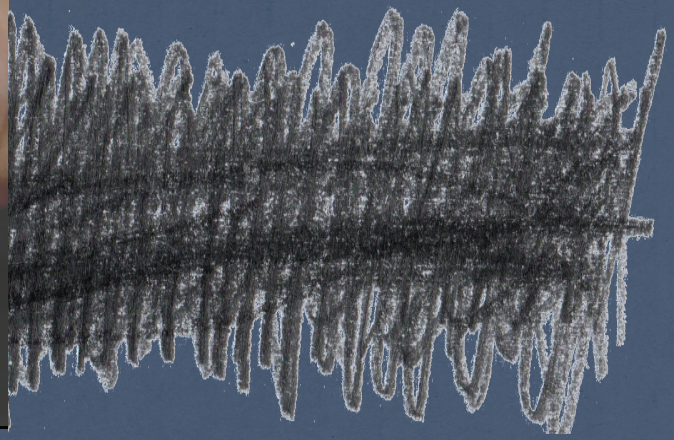
art by Nila Muthusamy
design by Haarika Palacharla

Hide and Seek

Hide and Seek explores the concept of the male gaze. In society, the male gaze frequently objectifies and reduces women, only viewing them through the ways they can be used to benefit men. In reality, women are complex and are not seen in the ways they intend.

In Hide and Seek, a woman hides her face with her henna-covered hands, seeking to be viewed and judged by what she communicates on her own terms.

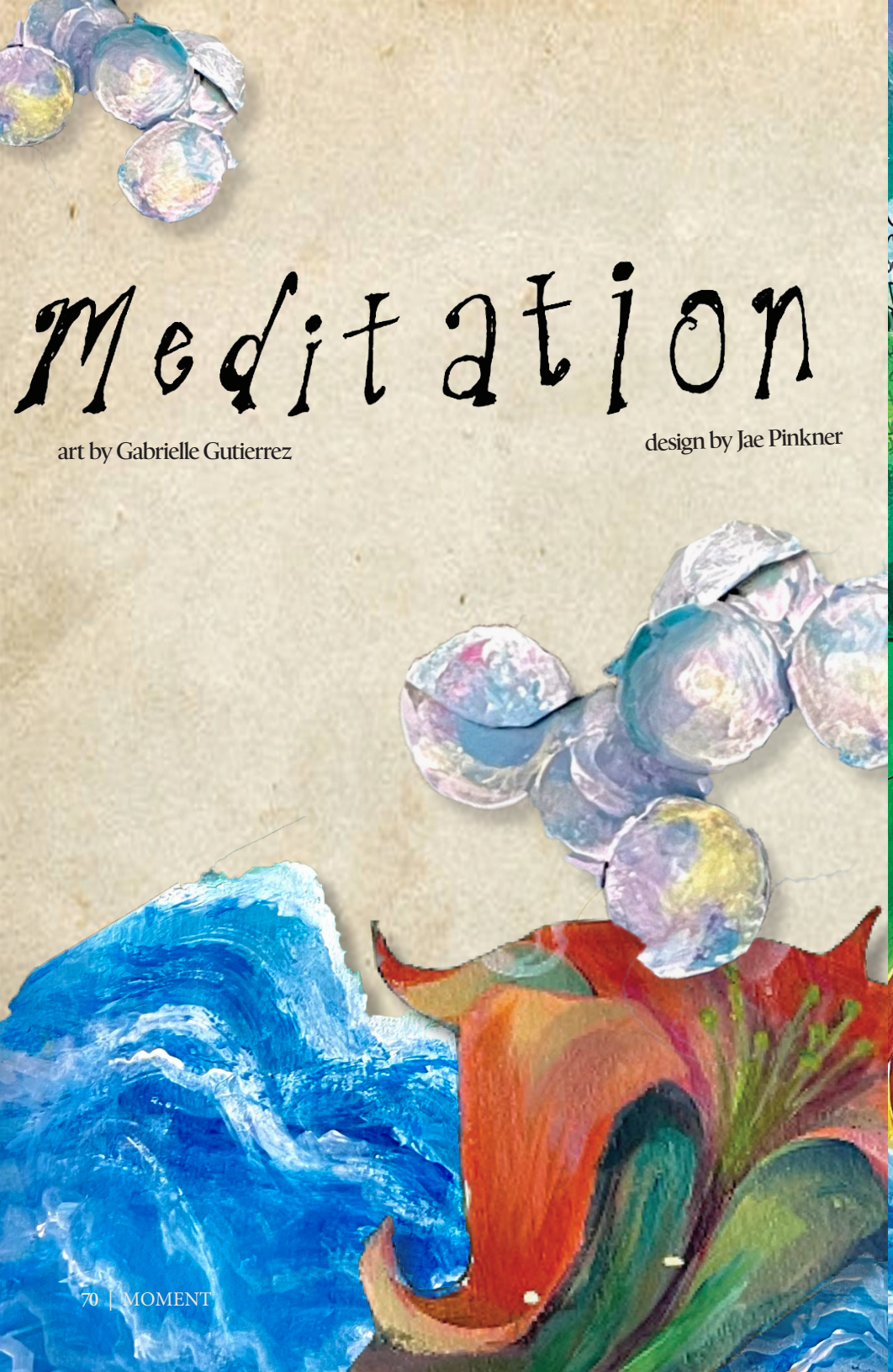
This relates to the theme of "moment" because women constantly search for the perfect but fleeting moments where they will be judged for who they are, rather than objectified and sexualized.

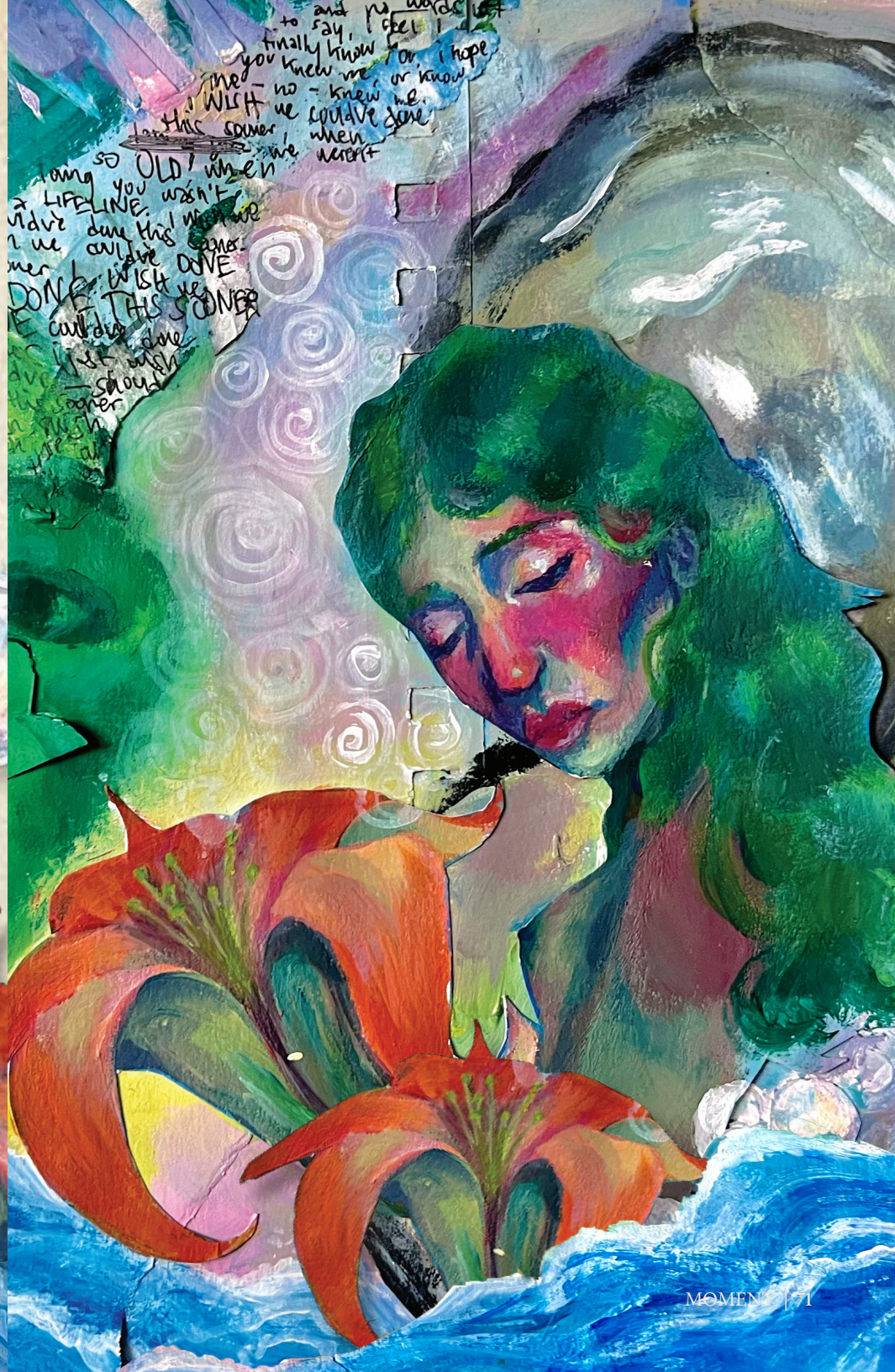


Meditation

art by Gabrielle Gutierrez

design by Jae Pinkner





finally
you knew
now, with no time
left to waste
to say,
finally knew me, or i hope
you knew me - knew me.
I WISH we could've done this sooner
so OLD when
LIFELINE
DONE. I WISH we could've done this sooner
OLD when

MOMENT
UNFOLDED ZINE